ALAD WHO PLAYED HOOKEY:

CONFESSIONS REOUGHT OUT BY A "BOY

It Recalled to This Citizen the Time When He Tired of School and Sought to Embark in Business —A Rocord of One Dozon Jobs in Two Months Which He Lost. The rotund, comfortable-looking man

of 40 stopped before a Broadway window in which a "Boy Wanted" sign was displayed and chuckled. I never clap an eye on one of those signs.

be said, still chuckling, to his companion that I don't experience the old boyish annen io go in and ask 'em for the job. Every time I catch sight of one of them I get to thinking of the season of my kidhood when I held down one even dozen distinct and several jobs within the space of something less than two months, and then I get to grinning so that I s'pose folks that pass me on the street think I'm crazy. "It was when I was 13, and living over

in old Greenwich Village, back in the early 70s. I suppose that I developed into the champeen hookey player of the whole lower West Side. But at last my father got on to my little game. When he ascersined that I'd been absent from school for a straight month, it was all off with me He beckoned me out of the classroom, and walked me home. I figured on a whaling that would make all previous lambasting seem like mere caressings. I was amazed that the thrashing didn't come off at all. When we got to the steps of the old house my dad simply said to me:

'Go, get a Job somewhere to-morrow,' and walked off to his work. This was on the last day of April.

"My father was in pretty comfortable circumstances, but he had raised a whole raft of boys before I came along as the youngest, and he had it correctly figured out that as long as I wouldn't go to school it was his business to keep me off the streets by making me go to work. And that's just what I wanted to do. I knew a lot of hove of my age that were working and swaggering around on Saturday nights with their \$2 or \$3 wages in their clothes, and I'd been envying 'em for a long time.

"So, right after breakfast the next morning, May 1, I started out to find the 'Boy Wanted signs. I nailed a Job within three quarters of an hour after I left home. Saw the sign in the window of a big wholesale crockery and glassware plant not far from Broadway, and went in. I was a pretty chesty, husky youngster, with a good line

sympathetic person.

"The next job I got was that of errance

"The next job I got was that of errand boy and roustabout in a haberdashery store on lower Broadway. Honorarium.

33 a week. I was making all kinds of a hit with myself at this job when, while sprinking the store at the wind-up of the fourth day, I accidentally knocked from the shelf a fine box of choice white sik neckwear. The neckwear spraddled all over the dusty half-sprinkled floor. The boss told me that he couldn't use elephants in his line of business, passed me a sufficient number of shin plasters to aggregate \$1 and told me that there were plenty of boiler factories around New York that needed my services

boiler factories around New York that needed my services

"Then I got a job on the delivery wagon of a Fourteenth street dry goods plant, at the emolument of \$2.50 a week. The job suited me first rate. All I had to do was to chin with the driver of the wagon and hold the horse while he was arguing with women on the front steps of houses about goods he was delivering C. O. D.

"On the fifth day of my incumbency I decided, during the absence of the driver at the basement door of a house at which

decided, during the absence of the driver at the basement door of a house at which he was delivering a bundle, to emulate some stunts of a circus charloteer whose performance had inspired me with great admiration the year before. When a copcaught the horse over on Eleventh avenue the wagon only had three wheels, and I concluded that, all in all, there was no real occasion for me to return to the Fourteenth street dry goods store to get my

teenth street dry goods store to get my

Next I captured work as messenger by for a lawyer who had an office on Warren street. When I got this job—\$3 a week—I told my father with a heap of grandiloquence that I had&decided to go in for the study of law. Consequently, when, upon

the office cat how to jump through my hooped arms.
"The cat declined to see it, but got into

an 'O', and then I tried to wipe out the 'O' with a pint or so of benzine. When I got through that \$28 Gladstone bag was a

hash, and the boss all but passed me the boots. I could only look gloomy when I got the 'Fired?' query from my dad that

my return home on the very first day,

e days' pay. 'Next I captured work as messenger boy

of talk, and the manager of the place put me right on. Salary, \$2 per. "My job was to sprinkle and sweep up three floors, run errands, swab the clerks' three floors, run errands, swab the clorks' cuspidors, carry packages and dog-rob around generally from 7 in the morning until 6 in the evening. You can bet that I slept o' nights during the period that I held that job, which was three days. Along toward the wind-up of business on the evening of the third day I found myself somewhat bored over having nothing to do for a minute or so, and so I repaired to the rear of the store and began to practise some juggling tricks that I'd seen at a circus with plates and glasses and vases and lamps and such

some juggling tricks that I'd seen at a circus with plates and glasses and vases and lamps and such

"Well, it happened, all right. After a crash that sounded a heap like a Hell Gate explosion, all hands helped to dig me out of the ruins. I guess I must have messed up all of \$10 worth of crockery and glassware, and I was mightily surprised when the manager of the store handed me a big silver dollar, my pay for three days and conducted me by the shoulders to the door. I've always regarded that manager as a pretty square sort of a man ever since.

"I didn't say anything about the loss of my job when I got home, but the next morning I set out to hustle for another one Didn't catch sight of a 'Boy Wanted' placard till late in the afternoon. The sign was in the showcase of a Union Square photographer. The job was mine for the asking Wages, \$2.50 the week I started in the next morning. It was my business to move the scenery and accessories around for the operator, sweep up the reception room, police the whole ton works, help.

room, police the whole top works, help the printer assist in the burnishing of the photographs and so on.

"The job was all right, and I got along

"The job was all right, and I got along fine until the third day, when, in a moment of absent-mindedness. I pushed open the door of the dark room while the operator was in there developing negatives. The light spoiled about \$20 worth of plates on the operator's hands, and a whole lot of folks had to be written to to come back and take their sittings all over again. That break let me out. They didn't even give me the \$1.25 that was coming to me, but told me to hurry right away before they sozzled me in the fixing bath.

"When I got home I didn't mention the fact that I'd lost that job, either, but I ought to say right here that by some mysterious process my dad was on to it that I'd lost my jobs almost as soon as I'd been fired from them, although I didn't know this until the game got to be pretty swift.

"The next day was a Sunday, but on

"The next day was a Sunday, but on Monday morning, bright and early, I sal-lied forth to scare up more work. Saw the 'Boy Wanted' sign in the window of

the 'Boy Wanted' sign in the window of a paint shop on Seventh avenue, and they took me right on. Pay, \$3 the calendar week—big money. My duties were those of sweep-out and general knockabout. This job made quite a hit with me and I was already figuring on the color scheme of the suspenders I was going to buy on Saturday night, and the seat I was going to get for the show at old Niblo's Garden, when, on the fourth day, I stacked up against my finish in the paint store.

"I started out the alley gate to deliver a quart can of turpentine to a man down the alley. When I got into the alley I began to swing the can of turpentine over my

the alley. When I got into the alley I began to swing the can of turpentine over my head to see how much of it I couldn't spill, and then I set it down while I lighted one of my father's cigars that I'd swiped and hoarded. Somehow or another the match that I used for the purpose dropped, still that I used for the purpose dropped, still flaming, into the open can of turpentine. I was miraculously preserved, but about thirty yards of rear fence on both sides of the alley were charred into uselessness, and the tenants of the stores had all they could do to keep the firemen from chopping their buildings into flinders.

"Nope, I didn't go back to that paint shop at all. I concluded that I didn't need the money for those four days' work. I

the money for those four days' work. I moved right along home. At supper my dad eyed me quite a lot—as an old-time fireman he was interested in all fires an he knew how that paint shop fire had started, I was certain—but he didn't say anything. this time I'd begun to feel the disad-

vantages and inconveniences of this yoke of labor that I'd taken upon my shoulders through my indisposition to attend school through my indisposition to attend school, but I wasn't going to own up to that. I went out and beat up another job. Got it without any trouble, too. Was hired by a patent lawyer who had a little office in the basement of a building on Broadway,

r Leonard street. This patent lawyer sure was a queer sort of a man. I was his only employee, and he had an idea that I ought to be capable of mastering the whole art of shorthand writing within something like twenty minutes, so that he could dictate claims and specifications of intricate patents to me at the rate of about 225 words per minute for \$2 a week. I am bound to say that I made a heroic effort to swallow the Pitman system of stenography whole for the man system of stenography whole for the two days that I worked for the man; but at the end of that period he glowered upon me, told me that what I needed was a job in the soap-grease works, passed me out man 75 cents in nickels, and told me to be on My

my way,
"Although I must ha' walked about seventeen miles the next day I could spot nary a 'Boy Wanted' sign, but on the following day I saw one ten minutes after starting without any out, and corralled the job without any bother at all. This job was in a cigar store, and I was mighty glad to get it. I suppose there never was a boy yet that didn't hanker for a job in a cigar store. It was a little place, and the owner of it had been drawn for jury duty. He wanted a boy to wait on CACTI THRIVE ON NEGLECT. PLANTS THAT OPEN A NEW PIELD FOR

THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

customers while he was attending the jury sessions. Stipend, \$2.50.

"Well, the best I could do was to keep this job cinched for three days. The boss, it seemed, had some kind of an averaging system whereby be reckoned up the receipts of the day, and the coin that he found in the till during my three days' incumbency must have failen below this averaging scheme. Anyhow, when he returned uptown at the close of my third day, he gave me \$1.25 and the quick chase, remarking that all I needed in my business was a bunch of skeleton keys and an assortment of chilled chisels to give Jimmy Hope, who was then doing some tall burgling, a hot run for first money. Now, I'd only swung this boss for an occasional smoke or so out of the case, and I felt so sore over his cracks that I meditated heaving a couple of bricks through his window when I got outside; but I overcame the temptation, and the next morning I was on the highways and byways, seeking more labor.

"I connected this time in a doctor's office. Compensation, \$2.50 the seven days, for he told me that I'd have to be around on Sundays as well as on weekdays. The first job this doctor man gave me to do was to take the leg up on his buggy horse and conduct the animal to a blacksmith's shop a few blocks away to be shod. I concluded as soon as I mounted the horse that what he chiefly needed in his business was sercise.

"So I steered him for Central Park, and Obtained at Prices so Mederate as to Be Within Beach of All-Wenderful Results Obtained by Grafting and Hybridising. After the lover of flowers has gone through the experience of sowing seeds which don't come up; of nursing with infinite pains

plants whose blooms fall wofully short of the glories of the seedsman's catalogue; of dabbling in earths and fertilizers only to have them prove too rich or too poor, too porous or too heavy, with the same result of failure in the end; of trying to protect his treasures from drought or flood, with the certainty of going to the other extreme; of fighting pests from two-inch caterpillars to microscopic insects; of enduring disappointment in manifold forms in a word, he sometimes meets a true friend who says to him, "Why not try cacti?" and straightway a new world of wonders

cluded as soon as I mounted the horse that what he chiefly needed in his business was exercise.

"So I steered him for Central Park, and when I got there I proceeded to give an imitation of Jesse James—then the great hero of the youth of the land—in the act of riding away from a looted bank. I think I must have ridden that doctor's horse for about five hours before taking him to the blacksmith's shop, and the horse was in a lather when I got him to the shop, I gave the mutt three pails of water, and about ten minutes later, while waiting for the blacksmith to get around, the horse gave me a long, lingering, reproachful look and laid down.

"I felt that the horse was going to die and I glided right away from there. I didn't go back to the doctor's office, and I never learned whether the horse passed it up or not. The doctor didn't know where I lived, but I was in fear of my life for months afterward that he'd be around to present a bill to my dad for one dead buggy horse, and I never walked within a mile of that doctor's office. Never walk by the place where his office was to the present day, in fact, that I don't look for him to jump out and nab me and accuse me of foundering his horse.

"Well, murder will out, and I got to be a good deal of a loke at home on account of the continuous performance stunt I was doing in the job-losing line. My older brothers guyed me to a state of frenzy about it, and it got so that my father inquired, with a grim smile every evening when I turned up, 'Fired?'

"This caused me at that time to look upon my father—bless his kindly, level-headed memory—as a low, common, unsympathetic person.

"The next job I got was that of errand boy and roustabout in a haberdashery and joys is opened to him. The cactus is the refuge of the amateur gardener in distress. It thrives on neglect. If battered and misused it will even take or new and wonderful forms. If you show it a little kindness it is wondrously grateful. It is patient, faithful and unobtrusive The only thing you have to avoid is giving it too much care, being too kind to it. It is the mule of the flower world, maligned feared, despised, but full of good qualities. It is like the street walf in the story book who is taken into the farmer's household and in time saves his benefactor's family

and in time saves his benefactor's family from bankruptcy.

It is only within a comparatively recent time that the wonders of the cactus have been generally understood. It is only within the last few years that its culture has spread in the marked fashion that distinguishes it nowadays. A distinct genus has now arisen, being the people who are proud to describe themselves. genus has now arisen, being the people who are proud to describe themselves as cactus cranks. How many thousands there are, only the dealers in cacti can estimate; but there are enough of them to support some mighty big business establishments. They include the extremes of little children, women and old men, besides people between these limits. That will indicate the varied fascination and wide possibilities of cactus culture. Formerly collecting cacti was akin to growing conifers, which has been described as being the one pleasure possible only to an ancient and wealthy family. Then a few rich amateurs paid large sums for

a few rich amateurs paid large sums for strange forms which were often brought strange forms which were often brought from remote and inaccessible parts of the earth, at a cost that made their possession impossible for any but persons of wealth. Rarity was then a more important element than it is now in the pleasure of owning a cactus, curious on account of its shape, its size or its flowers. Nowadays commercial enterprise has reduced the element of rarity to the same standard that obtains with other flowers and cacti are studied and prized, in some cases, it would be proper to say loved, for their own qualities.

own qualities.

It should not be understood, however that all kinds of cacti may be purchased nowadays by everybody at moderate prices. This is far from being the case. While in general, the cost of a cactus is regulated by its individual merits, such as its beauty and perfection of development, various species continue to be scarce and can be procured only by the expenditure of much money and labor. Some of the difficulties of collecting cacti are thus described by a firm dealing largely in these plants:

"The largest number of varities are obtained from Mexico and South America, and while no doubt in many places they occur by the thousands, these spots are sometimes almost inaccessible and often so far remote from railways and roads that all kinds of cacti may be purchase

sometimes almost inaccessible and often so far remote from railways and roads that special expeditions have to be sent out to travel hundreds of miles. This and the enormous incidental charges account for the high price of many of the rarer Mexican sorts. We once sent a collector, who drove his team and wagon for more than 200 miles to get a certain rare Pilocereus, of which, however, only head cuttings were saleable; he laid in a wagon load in layers, placing stout canvas bags between the layers, but by the time he reached his destination the constant jarring and

study of law Consequently, when, upon my return home on the very first day, he hurled that insulting question, 'Fired?' at me, it was all the more annoying in that it was true I had been fired "You see, I'd been kept pretty busy all day taking down and dusting and rearranging the lawyer's books and in the afternoon I sneaked down to the basement to cop out a quiet smoke. The butt that I threw away somehow or another got mixed up with a lot of waste paper. The lawyer looked like a Nubian when he got through putting out the fire. He told me that if at any future time he felt any pressing need for a pyromaniac in the conduct of his business he'd send me a postal card. Thus I was left in the air once more.

"On the very next day I piped off a 'Boy Wanted' sign in the Chambers street office of another patent lawyer, and he took me on at \$3.50, which sounded pretty huge to me. The work was so easy that I felt it 600 miles by wagon to obtain three of nine varieties indigenous to that State calling of a cactus hunter may be as full of interest, adventure and romance as that of an orchid hunter. Another example of this is the story of an attempt to get a specimen of Cereus giganteus cristata told in the book already quoted from: "We had a curious experier or trying to secure one of these fasciated giants which our collector discovered in the Southwest. It was impossible to transport the whole plant owing to its bulk and enormous root on at \$3.50, which sounded pretty huge to me. The work was so easy that I felt it would be a shame for me to take the money when Saturday came around—but I wasn't there on Saturday. I lasted all of two days with this patent lawyer. Then, during his momentary absence, I essayed to teach "The cat declined to see it, but got into a panic, and knocked down a fragile wooden model of a patent churning machine that was on the lawyer's desk. In chasing the cat I stepped on the model and converted it into matchwood, and when my boss got back he tore his hair and chased me down the hall, down the stairs, into the street, and two blocks on Broadway. The gang on the street yelled 'Stop thief!' after me, but I ran like a kill-devil, and saved myself from being pinched. but I ran like a kill-devil, and saved myself from being pinched.

"I didn't get my nerve back for a couple of days, but then I picked up my heritage of wee once more and skated out to look for the sign. Saw it in the window of a harness and trunk store on Eighth avenue, and got the \$2.50 per job hands down. The boss spent the whole morning of my first day there teaching me how to stencil initials and names on the ends of trunks and the sides of valises. In the afternoon he set me to work stencilling the initials of some hot sport on the side of a \$28 Gladstone bag. I got hold of a 'Q' in the place of an 'O' and then I tried to wipe out the 'Q' with a pint or so of benzine. When giant, who probably was monarch of all he surveyed, for he carried his head forty feet high.

it will be keeping up some mighty hard thinking, and perhaps it may one day burst out in a flower of a beauty almost indescribout in a flower of a beauty almost indescrib-able and a perfume almost overpowering. That is perhaps the climax of the triumph of growing a fine cactus: but while some varieties bloom more easily and frequently than others, it is not always wise to bind one's hopes up in the flowering of a cactus. The expert who wrote the book from which quotations have been made says: "We must say again that the idea that a cactus must be seven years old before it blooms is all nonsense. Why, the little Mamillaria must be seven years old before it blooms is all nonsense. Why, the little Mamillaria micromeris blooms when only half an inch high." That, no doubt, is true: but it is written from the standpoint of the expert, not the tyro, and there are tyros who think that it is not seven years, but seventy times seven, since they began trying to coax a cactus to bring forth its flowers.

Fortunately, there are many other things about the cactus which give delight besides its flowering. One does not need to be an

got the 'Fired?' query from my dad that evening.

"My twelfth job I got a few days later. It was in a Union Square plano store I broke the record and stayed there a week, but on the last day I had the luck to permit a stepladder to fall on the keyboard of a grand plano. The strings snapped as if they'd been hit with an axe—and I passed out to the hot, dusty street.

"That's the record of my two months' employment during my thirteenth year. When I lost the job in the plano store my dad told me that he didn't believe I was fitted for the busy marts of trade just yet awhile. So he sent me up to his brother's farm in Sullivan county. I guess he gave my uncle some secret instructions. Anyhow, I worked on that farm harder'n any hired man ever dreamed of working throughabout the cactus which give delight besides its flowering. One does not need to be an expert to wonder at the strange forms, the curious arrangements of spines, the quaint developments, the singular colorings of these plants. Their study is full of interest in itself. Then the monstrosities planned by nature can be excelled by treatplanned by nature can be excelled by treat-ing the cacti in various ways which bring about abnormal shapes and developments. about abnormal shapes and developments.
In the opinion of not a few lovers of cacti, the greatest fascination of all lies in grafting and hybridizing. By grafting, some varieties are made to develop in a manner entirely different from their normal method of growth, and as the process is simple enough it presents a field of experiment with constantly fresh opportunities. The possibilities in the way of hybridizing are even greater. The field has been comparatively little explored, and for those skilful enough to achieve success in it there is every prospect of producing new and interesting varieties. Another points

IMPERIAL GERMAN YACHTS:

in favor of the cactas is that, unless it is killed by too much care, it is likely to be a life-long friend. The age of some specimens in collections is estimated at centuries, and dealers say that under ordinary conditions the plants have few ailments or enemies which cannot easily be fought.

The number of varieties of cactus is undetermined. Leaving out of consideration the rarer sorts, the prices of the others are so moderate as to be within the reach of all. For those who do not care to spend even the moderate amount of money needed to buy plants, there are cuttings which can purchased much cheaper, and can be be made to grow with tolerable certainty by observing a few very simple rules. And as a pet, a cactus will be found to have advantages over cats, dogs canaries and other live stock. OF AQUATIC PLAYTHINGS. The Boyal Louise, With Her Warship Shape and Woodon Guns -Alexandria and Me teer -Little Yachte of the Imperial Family From the Washington Post.
of the Emperor's best-known yachts is the Royal Louise, whose sister ship, the Royal George, is still one of the curiosities

and show pieces of Portamouth harbor.
The Royal Louise has the appearance of a diminutive man-of-war of the period when she was built, 1880. The George is older by sixteen years, but both were constructed on exactly the same lines at Woolwich. She rigged as a ship and carries three maste and eight guns, wooden ones, painted to repre-sent the real article. The Royal Louise was present of George IV. to Frederick William IV. of Prussia, the dedication taking place on June 21, 1831, with great ceremonies. n which the fiction of her character as man-of-war was strictly upheld. She is built entirely of wood, mahogany, as strong and compact as steel. With her fifteen sails she is a fiver—after the pattern of 1850, of course-and the ten tons of ballast in her hold prevents her rolling.

plicity of bygone days, the furniture, brought when the monopolist called a policeman from England, heavy and ungainly, but their eather then. In the centre stands an oldfashioned round table, covered with a green spread, such as grandmother used to delight in. The only modern things about are some very bad oil paintings, marine sketches,

The steering apparatus at the stern is below deck to protect the skipper from being knocked on the head by the sails. As the Kaiser does his own steering this arrangement saves him a box on the ears. The Royal Louise carries ten navvies. The commands are all according to marine code-it's here that Prussian princes get their first inkling of seamanship. Despite the Royal Louise'

if you don't have him back here in five minutes we'll take this abandoned wagon to the corporation yards."

The milkman went around the corner, got his horse and put him back in the shafts. Just then the cop returned. The cop remarked that he had meant what he had said in the beginning—that the milkman could not stay in the square, because he had a horse attached to the wagon, while the Park Department permit called for a wagon only.

The milkman again unhitched the horse and was about to lead him away when the Street Cleaning Department men came back. "Keep that horse in that wagon or take the wagon away," yelled the street foreman. "Take that horse from that wagon or take the wagon out of here," shouted the cop.

There was only one thing left for the monopolist to do. That was to drive away. He did this and his rival proceeded to rake in nickels that might have gone to the monopolist. The crowd of newsboys cheered.

that Prussian princes get their first inkling of seamanship. Despite the Royal Louise's long and faithful service, never marred by accident, she isn't trusted alone on her excursions. A steam vessel always travels in her wake to take on the occupants and crew if necessity should arise.

The officer gave a telling anecdote of the Kaiser's humor and seamanlike qualities when aboard his yacht.

"A week or two ago when the Neues Palais harbored quite a distinguished lot of royal land-rats," he said, "his Majesty invited them unexpectedly to a cruise on the Havel Lakes.

"They thought it great fun after a heavy banquet and came here in all the splendor of gold-laced uniforms, spurred Wellington's, diamond stars and crosses, swallow-tailed coats and high hats. But they hadn't been in the saloon for more than half an hour when the Kaiser, suddenly leaving the wheel, gave out the signal; 'All Admirals on the main sheet,' at the same time seizing the rope attached to the big expanse of canyss.

"The royal highnesses and graces, of course, followed suit, and soon there was a column of active navvies such as seldom assembles on board ship. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg had hold of the rope at his Majesty's side, then came his colleague of Oldenburg, a Russian Grand Duke followed, and between him and the Duke of Ujest stood. Prince Henry. After the latter came some Japanese Prince and a Sprinkling of petty German royalty. Most of the gentlemen were new to the game, but they had a 'mighty pull' just the same—they couldn't help it?"

The Alexandria is a steam yacht of considerable size and elegant proportions: William himself designed her. Like the Hohenzollern, she is dazzling white, gilded ornaments having given way to nickel decorations. The visible iron parts will be changed for the lighter white metal in course of time. The Alexandria has a splendid saloon, done in white and silver. The furniture and hangings are of white silk, dotted with corn flowers. The promenade deck is very roomy, and has an abundance of reed recl

of turning out dinner for sixty persons. The stove is an American invention, and looks very pretty with its nickel trimmings. The Kalser always exhibits it to guestic, explaining its workings and advantages.

This vessel is the second of its name. Her predecessor was an ordinary river steamer acquired by the King of Prussia when his coisin of England launched the Victoria and Albert in 1842. The Berlin Malesty didn't want to be behind the British, and it galled him exceedingly that Queen Victoria was the sole owner of a steam yacht. Hence he bought the swiftest of the steamers paddling between Potsdam and Hamburg for his personal use, repainting and refitting her to resemble as much as possible the 200-foot English yacht. That the Prussian boat never attained the other's speed. It knots an hour, need hardly be mentioned. The new Alexandria was built fourteen years ago, and its maximum speed is about twelve miles and a half an hour. The Kalser uses her principally for excursions with his family and friends, and for short journeys to Spandau and Charlottenburg. On deck is a sort of pulpit, a platform from which an outlook may be had.

Alexandria and Royal Louise are the only half-way formidable craft belonging to the Emperor's flotilla now about Potsdam. An interesting racer, though small, is Prince Henry's Gudruda, that has taken many a prize in Kiel. This is a centreboard yacht with a deep outside keel of lead and a cutter rig. The Prince is very proud of her. Being a poor man and unable to afford a larger boat, he uses the Gudruda for all she is worth. She is a little over twenty-two feet long and registers four tons. Prince Henry says he would cross the ocean with her if his big brother would let him, so much confidence has he in this little carft. Her construction rests on a stoel frame, galvanized to resist the corrosive action of sea water, and sheathed with Indian teak brought by the owner from his foreign travels. In addition she is controlated in the surface and the heavy and the season was a new would

Indians to help gather the corn. An Indian's wages was all the pumpkins his squaw could carry away in one load. I remember one old squaw came for her pumpkins and piled up all she could the the corners of her blanket over. She was only 100 or 200 yards from the fence. She managed to waddle to the fence and over it with her load. That gave her the pumpkins. Then she dropped her bundle and made two loads out of it. We had no thermometers in those early days to measure the heat by, but I remember that it was something awful that summer of 1835, and people talked about it for years afterward. The prairie grass was high and the prairie fires would have been tremendous at the height of the drought if it had not been that the Indians burned off the prairie every year as soon as the grass would burn and before it got so dry from the drought. "In 1856 there was a fearful drought. That was when the farmers on the prairie uplands couldn't raise a peck of corn to a thousand acres. The drought set in the latter part of May or first of June and lasted all summer. There was a little rain in August, but it was too late to do the corn any good. I had a farm in the bottoms and ploughed it persistently, even more than I would in a more favorable season. I managed to get twenty bushels to the acre. Everybody quit ploughing their corn when the drought set in. A little corn was raised on some of the bottom farms, but no one equalled even my small yield. In the early settlement of the country a crop failure was not such a serious matter as now. Stock could run out and not so much feeding was done. And then people could not sell all of their crops, anyway. They carried big stores from one season to another. Sometimes cribs of corn would be carried two years or more.

"I remember one year when there was no rain from Dec 1 to March 1 and hardly any snow. I don't remember another year, but not the date, when there was no rain from her if was not higher than the width of my hand. When the rain came in June it grew up well and made spown u

Aside from the Arcona there are several work

Aside from the Arcona there are several small sailbeats that are not "floating lead mines," built to prove that it is ensier to send a boat over the water than through it. They have a light draught and are fitted with centreboards and fin keels. One only has a rounded bilge, which doesn't improve her in any way. The young Princes are very fond of these boats, and the smaller ones are saving up money hoping to acquire one of their own sooner or later.

In one of the boathouses slumbers a curiosity that is not without special interest to Americans. It is the Carribee, the cance which Poultney Bigelow is said to have used to circumavigate the i-land of St. Thomas, in the West Indies. Whether he undertook the work in order to report to his schoolmate, Emperor William, on the opportunities for landing is not known, but the Kaiser was very proud when he received the Carribee as a present.

The Meteor is seldom seen in Potsdam waters. Sportsmen all over the world know her as a Not to reft displaying a pro-

The Meteor is seldom seen in Potsdam waters. Sportsmen all over the world know her as an A No. 1 craft, displaying a prodigious amount of canvas. Her captain, strange to say, is a Portuguese. He speaks little German and English with a strong brosne. The Emperor likes him immensely, and the crew of the great yacht fairly idolize their commander. In yachting circles it is a byword that there is never a bitch on the Meteor, though the discipline does not appear to be more rigid than on craft of that kind owned by private gentlemen. Evidently Capt. Comez is a very efficient officer. His sharp, small eyes are everywhere. His commands, always given in an undertone, leave the sailors plenty of time for execution. In fact, there could be no greater difference in men than that between the owner and his captain. The Kaiser, always excited always in a hurry, always doing something startling; Comez, the soul of good-natured, languid complacency.

The Meteor is especially noted among yachtsmen for her excellent cellar and cuisine. The Kaiser's own cooks look after the latter, and they must never ask for a vacation while yachting weather lasts. Over the wines and liquors a doughty Philadelphian, Herr Jim Wiegand, presides. Wiegand makes it possible for the Emperor occasionally to treat American visitors to American

THE PRESENT KAISER'S ODD FLOTILLA

drinks, a godesnd is beery Germany. They tell a story in Berlin that even Howard Gould felt constrained to congratulate his Majesty on the quality of his Bourbon and sour mash when he and his beautiful wife visited the Meteor last summer.

The dining room on the Meteor is simply furnished and broad enough to accommodate two big tables, facing each other. They are fastened to the ground by weights so as to retain their position in all kinds of weather. Whenever his Majesty is abourd ship roasts are tabooed from the bill of fare. Only steaks and cutets are to be had morning, noon, and evening, and, besides, all sorts of freshly caught sea or river food. Some sailors are always detailed to fish, whether the boat is in progress or at anchor. As to wines and liquors, every variety is furnished to the Kaiser's guests, while the officers on duty merely get their allowance, no more, no less, unless they want to pay for extras. William is not a liberal master.

The navvies on duty are witness to this. Their allowance for board is only 90 pfennings per day—22%cents. There are twelve of them under a chief boatswain, who gets 5 cents more for riotous living: a navail lieutenant is in command, and this gentleman and the seamen are in a perpetual state of alarm, according to military parlance. This means that when the Kaiser comes to Potsdam at the close of the winter season, all his vessels ,from the newest to the oldest tub, are put in commission and the men must hold themselves in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice, day or night. Their military duties, besides, are in no way relaxed They go through the regulation drill aboard the Royal Louise every morning, and two men are always on sentinel duty, which is particularly hard, as the Kaiser is 80 fond of surprises. Wee to the sentinel who doesn't recognize him instantly whether he comes in his carriage or in a cab, in sporting dress or uniform.

The water in front of the station is about twenty feat deep, but there is no pier. The

or surprises. We to the sentine who doesn't recognize him instantly whether he comes in his carriage or in a cab, in sporting dress or uniform.

The water in front of the station is about twenty feet deep, but there is no pier. The Kaiser and his friends are carried to the yac'ts by steam launches, two of which are always in commission. The station is a complex of Norwegian block houses, built in Scandinavia, brought to Potsdam, and set up. The main structure serves as a reception hall, and from its leaded windows a charming view of the Havel Lake may be had. The entrance is flanked on both sides by immense bones—whales' backbones.

All the furniture, hangings and decorations were selected by the Kaiser in Norway, among them great wooden armchairs, tables and lounges, splendid specimens of woodcarvers art and made entirely by hand. The wainscoting is likewise excellent hand work, set off by shelves loaded with jugs and drinking vessels of wood, glass stone and earthenware, a masterpiece and a curlosity every one of them. Exceedingly interesting are the various butterchurns which his Majesty picked up in different parts of the north.

There are many mementoes of the Kaiser's various journeys to the North Cape. Some of the smaller bones of a whale he shot in July, 1898, furnished material for a big chair in which he likes to loll. On the shoulderblade of the great animal the Kaiser commemorated the moment when the big fish was landed—not a good picture, but well meant and illustrative, anyhow. Near this extraordinary piece of marine painting are the ears of the captured whale, very respectable ears, indeed.

Whalebones and similar trophies also help to decorate the block houses on the outside, but most visitors are more interested in the Norwegian eagle and the several falcons chained to stands. The eagle looks and but the falcons are lively and will some day attend their imperial master on the chase.

HOT WAVE WEATHER SIGNS.

William A. Eddy's Rules for Foretelling the Coming of Relief. William A. Eddy, the Bayonne kite fiver. as formulated the following rules for fore-

casting the breaking up of hot waves: "It is a well-known fact, which will be at once admitted by the Weather Bureau officials, that the correctness of their predictions rarely exceeds 90 per cent, and is apt to fall below 85 per cent. Even this is very valuable, but many of the ten or fifteen failares in a hundred may occur at a time when people are dying by the hundreds from the excessive heat. The discouraging predicion of no relief is in itself killing.

"Viewing these facts, I began a series of elaborate measurement of the cloud velocities, the light of the sky, the dimness due to mist of distant hills, and the humidity at A. M. daily, especially during hot waves. The humidity of the air, as a precursor of local storms, has not been sufficiently con-sidered by many forecasters, and the cloud relocity measurements have been almost completely overlooked, and so far as I know the measurements of the light of the sky

have not been even thought of "My investigations have been carried on or several years, including measurements of the moisture of the upper air by means of kite-sustained wet and dry bulb thermometers. A cold wave aloft, especially in summer, instantly causes a great increase in has a history. the speed with which clouds move, and such cool air begins to affect the hot earth within from twenty-four to forty-eight hours after the increased velocity of the cloud is observed. The fact that the entire Lake region from Chicago to New York, a thousand miles in length, may cool within a few hours shows that the relief comes from the upper air, and with incalculable suddenness. Following are some of the facts which each man can use to forecast weather for himself during hot waves, and good for about twelve hours in advance.

"No clouds whatever, with dry air at the earth, after the second or third day of a hot wave, with an 8 A. M. temperature of about so degrees, indicates, as a rule, no relief within twenty-four hours.

"Immense masses of very thin white clouds, covering about half or two-thirds of the sky, but still admitting plenty of sunlight and heat, indicates, probably, thunderstorms that day and a break in the heat within about two days. This will be followed by thunderstorms the following day with a still further break in the heat.

"The final cooling of about 10 degrees is the increased velocity of the cloud is observed.

and a break in the heat within about two days. This will be followed by thunderstorms the following day with a still further break in the heat.

"The final cooling of about 10 degrees is preceded during most of the day of the break-up by high white clouds, not of the thunderhead type, but stratified and covering more than three-quarters of the sky.

"The thunderheads, high white pinnacles of cloud, are of two types. The first type, known as heat clouds, are small in size, looking like puffs of steam, and may melt in the intense heat without causing a shower. While they indicate a thunderstorm tendency, yet such a storm may not occur nearer than a hundred miles. The true thunderheads, which result in such storms nearby, are narrow at the top, have some stratification at their bases and are from ten to fifteen degrees in width. They form all around the horizon and not in small detached patches like the heat clouds.

"If after several days of a hot wave the hundidity is above 70 per cent, and the light of the sky has progressively decreased during forty-eight hours, owing to haze, even if the sky is clear of shower clouds as late as 2 P. M., then thunderstorms are practically certain and have occurred at or near sunset in all the hot waves which I have so far examined.

"While the measured light of the sky indicates the approach of shower conditions taken with the humidity, yet its chief use is to indicate cloud bursts and floods before a drop of rain has yet fallen. The light of the sky probably deceives the unaided eye more than the cloud velocities, the delicate dec ine in the light being too gradual for the eye to measure. I have made several hundred observations which show that the light of the sky exactly corresponds with the rainfall measured by the Weather Bureau during the time covered and for a region eight miles in diameter.

"The only instruments necessary are wet and dry bulb thermometers. fastened back

measured by the Weather Bureau during the time covered and for a region elght miles in diameter.

"The only instruments necessary are wet and dry built thermometers, fastened back to back and whirled with a cord a foot long, a cloud-timer with cross wires, a measuring rod with one candle of stearic acid wax, and a piece of paper with a translucent spot in it. When the paper is held at a certain distance from the candle the yellow glare of the candle fades out at a certain distance in inches, which varies with the thickness of the cloud vapors in the sky.

"The predictions of the Weather Bureau should also be noted, and due weight given to their forecasts from general conditions on their weather maps. It will be found that the local conditions will strengthen the Weather Bureau forecasts when right, and will generally succeed when their forecasts fall, because the local data here cited deal with conditions which have actually arrived overhead, or are in sight.

"As long as the heat can melt all the clouds the hot wave has full sway, but when the clouds are no longer melted and whan the cloud velocity increases from the north or west then the hot wave is about appreciably to lessen its force, regardless of the condition of adjacent regions still heated, as shown by the weather map."

Cattle Stampeded Over a Cliff. From the Indianapolis Sentinel

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

ENGLISH. Ind., July 10.—A drove of more than seventy-five head of cattle being driven to Louisville by Frank McKinley and Tolbert Dooley were frightened and stampeded by a passing train near Riceville yesterday. The whole drove rushed over a cliff sixty feet high. The animals which were not killed outright by the fall had to be killed on account of broken limbs. When this was resolved upon the unfortunate drivers sent word through the neighborhood to farmers and everybody to assist in the slaughter, and quarters of prime beef were carried in every direction.

OCEAN RACE, MONTHS LONG

AMBRICAN AND A BRITISH SHIP TO TEST THEIR SPEED.

Maiden Trip to Japan for the Brilliant, Biggest

Salling Craft Ever in Port Here, and the Acme, a New Giant From Maine, and They'll Hustle for Glory and Their Flags. Out by Robbin's Reef in the upper bay, the big bark Brilliant, the newest and largest sailing vessel that has ever entered this port, lies with 1.750,000 gallons of case oil in her hold and the British flag floating from her gaff, while ashore the shipping master is hustling for a crew to take her to Yokohama, half way around the world. Capt. Cowlinshaw is just a bit anxious about that crew. He hopes that it will be spry or can be made so quickly, because he intends that the Brilliant shan't waste any time on her way to Japan.

Down at the Standard Oil Company's wharf at Constable Hook the bark Acme, equally new and nearly as big, is taking aboard a trifle of 1,500,000 gallons of case oil, for Yokohama also. The Stars and Stripes will fly from the Acme's gaff when the trg hauls her down the bay a day or two in the wake of the giant Britisher, for the Acme was built by the Sewails up in Maine. Now, should that 1,500,000 gallons of oil aboard the Acme land on Yokohama pier before the million and three-quarters aboard the Brilliant there will be a fine old to do among the sailormen in this port. And, by the great the sailormen in this port. And, by the greathern spoon, the Acme will move this trip. Therefore Capt. Lawrence will look over his sailors with a sharp eye when the shipping master tumbles them aboard, and it will be good for the lubbers to learn the ropes apace.

Nobody's racing, of course, and if the sports in the Standard Oil and the shipbuilding folks up in Maine are putting up their good money on the ship of their choice that's their lookout.

"We'll get there as soon as we can," says the mate of the Brilliant, who is Scotch and canny.

the mate of the Brilliant, who is Scotch and canny.

"Taint no time of year for a fast passage, but we'll make it soon as most folks, mebbe a bit sooner," says the mate of the Acme, who confesses to a little sporting blood.

Capt. Reuben R. Lawrence of the Acme, who comes of the family which supplied the Commodore who commanded the frigate Chesapeake in her great fight long ago, and who himself, after the battle of Manila Bay, took the whites aboard his ship incebu harbor when the Filipinos had massacred the Spanish garrison, ran up the Cebu harbor when the Filipinos had massacred the Spanish garrison, ran up the United States flag and stayed there looking for a scrap, isn't saying a word.

They are both fine ships, the first of a big fleet the Standard Oil Company is having built in Maine and on the Clyde. Both are brand new; the question of cost was not allowed to interfere unduly in their construction, and therefore on the speed which each makes on this maiden trip of theirs to Japan hangs to some extent the reputation of British and American shipbuilding.

Neither has yet made a trip in cargo. The Brilliant came here from Glasgow

The Brilliant came here from Glasgow in ballast a month or so ago, and she made a fast trip, crossing the ocean in twenty-six days from the time she set sails off Greenock to the time she took them in in the Narrows and surrendered to a tug, which hauled her around the Kills to Bay-

which hauled her around the Kills to Bayonne. The longest voyage the Acme has
made is from Bath to Bayonne.

Both ships will get away within the week
a day or two apart and both will take the
same course, the long way around by the
Cape of Good Hope, the South Seas and
between Australia and New Zealand to
Japan. There is a nearer way by the Straits
of Sunda and the China Sea, but this is Japan. There is a nearer way by the Stratts of Sunda and the China Sea, but this is no time of year for it. A good passage by the other route would be from 120 to 140 days. There may be a new record when these ships are reported from Yoko-

"If she sails as well loaded as she does light we'll be all right," the first mate of the Brilliant told a Sun reporter.

Besides the maiden under the bowsprit coquettishly trying with a straw hat and with a real cut glass necktie and tiara to set off her charms the Brilliant has two mascots. There is a husky porker known as the Scotchman up forward who is likely to be table pork goon after he sees the be table pork soon after he sees the outh Seas and there is also Tom, who

Tom is a preternaturally wise and so preternaturally wise and very active gray cat who started life on the oll ship Comet. He thought so well of the ship that when she was dismasted and her crew deserted her he stayed aboard and was towed with her to the Azores, where his former shipmates recovered him and turned him over to the Brilliant. He seems to think even better of the new ship than he did of the old, and that's a good sign the

mate says.

The Acme has a feline mascot, too. Jerry is his name, but he is young and inexperienced. This will be his first voyage and ienced. This will be his first voyage and the Acme's folks pin their faith rather to Jimmy the cabin boy, who has never lost a crap game yet and is certain that in any speed trial to anywhere with any Britisher ever built the Acme has a cinch. Jimmy has lots of sporting blood.

The Brilliant is 375 feet long, 51 feet beam and 3,600 tons net. The only larger sailing craft affoat is the German bark Potosi, which has never entered New York harbor.

craft affoat is the German bark Potosi, which has never entered New York harbor. The Acme is 335 feet long 50 feet beam and about 3,000 tons net. The Brilliant carries a company of forty hands all told, the Acme a crew of thirty-three. Capt. Cowlinshaw hails from Bristol port and Capt. Lawrence from Malden, Mass. The faces of both are known in every hig tout in the world. are known in every big port in the world, and after a score of years of sailing each yows that he now has the finest ship he

Down in the Standard Oil tanks they're betting on the Brilliant to make the better time to Japan, but up in Maine and in a few places around the harbor where sailormen know Cap'n Lawrence there are quite a few dollars at command to back the New England captain and the ship flying the Stars and Stripes.

RESCUED BY A TROLLEY CAR. A Mother's Early Morning Race to a Doctor's With a Sick Baby.

Dawn was just breaking when the night owl trolley car from Jersey City to Bayonne turned the bend under the Lehigh Valley crossing and ran southward to the Point. It was going at its highest speed and the motorman clanged the gong impatiently as a warning to milkmen on the side streets that the night owl was on time and had the right of way.

The car was near Twenty-fifth street when

was on time and had the right of way.

The car was near Twenty-fifth street when a woman jumped between the tracks and waved a white handkerchief with a frantic flutter. The motorman shut off the power and applied the brakes so quickly as to send a bleary-eyed laborer who was asleep sprawling to the bottom of the car.

For God's sake, turn around and take me to Dr. Blank's, "cried the woman.

She was young, but pale and thin. She was hatless and was panting from excitement and terror. In her arms she was hugging a baby, upon whose face, the color of chalk, death's mark seemed stamped.

"My baby boy is dying, and I must get him to the doctor's," she urged. "There's a little hope. Oh! for pity s sake, sir, turn around and take me to Dr. Blank's. The baby is fast going; it's cholera infantum. Hurry! hurry!"

Dr. Blank's office was one and a half miles back and no other car was due for an hour. Without a word the motorman leaped to the street, grabbed the frantic mother and her burden in his arms and lifted her bodlly to a seat. Jerking the controller from its place he jumped to the ground, and running to the other end of the car sprang aboard. Meanwhile the conductor had swung round the trolley pole, and with a bound the car started back in a race with death.

The mile and a half was covered in a little less than two minutes, and when the doctor's house was reached a dozen hands were held out to help the little woman and her babe to the street. The child was carcely breathing, and the lids of his half-open eyes were flutt-ring ominously. With a cry of thanks the woman almost fell from the car in her haste. Then the car resumed its journey.

Some of the passengers felt so much interest in the case that they made inquiries about it later in the day. Therefore The Sux is able to supply the sequel. It seems that the mother arrived in time, for after some hard work baby's life was saved. The mother, two hours later, being without carfare, walked carrying her baby the mile and a half back to her home. But she didn't min

How to Quit Chewing Tobacco. From the Mobile Register.

how, I worked on that farm harder'n any hired manever dreamed of working throughout that summer, and when I was recalled to New York by my dad in September and given the choice of going to school or hustling for a job you can gamble that I chose the school end by a unanimous vote, and there wasn't ten cents' worth of playhockey in me from that time on.

Then the rotund, comforts ble-looking man hummed a few bars of "How I Love My Teacher," and invited his companion to have another.

From the Mobile Register.

The "substitute cure" is worthy of the attention of sufferers. We have a citizen of Mobile who has tried it. He was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. He stopped chewing an took to chewing a pine stick. He always has this bit of wood between his teeth, in waking hours, at least. He has not tasted tobacco in many years.

lin statue in Printing House Square and h strutted around his wagon telling all others to keep away. He sold more glasses of cold milk than any other milkman on the Row, so another milkman anchored his wagon at the long crosswalk, within fifty feet of the monopolist's wagon. This was a few days ago. He had been there but a few hours

STREET SNAPS ARE PRECARIOUS.

Quandary for the Franklin Statue Mills

There had been only one milkman wh

was able to get a permit from the Park De-

partment to station his wagon near the Frank-

and made a complaint saying that the newcomer had no right there. The cop said the police captain had given the newcomer permission to stand on the square. "Well." said the monopolist, "the captain has nothing to do with the matter. This square comes within the jurisdiction of the Park Department and I want you to drive that other milkman away, for he's spoiling my trade. He has no right here."

"What right have you got to stay there?

"Well, you better call a messenger boy and send him for the horse's lunch in the future," remarked the street foreman; "and if you don't have him back here in five minutes we'll take this abandoned wagon to the cor-

DRY TIMES IN MISSOURI

A Ploneer Tells of Some Previous Droughts in

"Why, in 1856 it was so dry that most far mers

could not raise a peck of corn to a thousand acres," said Judge John Oastott, the Jasper

county pioneer. "There has been more or less of a drought during some portions of nearly

every year since I came here in 1833. That's true of every locally. I don't remember

about all the droughts here, not even all

the severe ones, I suppose, though I do re-

was in 1835 when my father was raising his

second crop in this country. There was not

a drop of rain from the 18th of June to the

10th of October, yet we raised good crops

because the corn had a good start in the spring

and was well tasselled out before the drought

commenced. Our farm was in the rich river bottom and we got seventy-two bushels of corn and two wagonlands of pumpkins

to the acre that fall. We got some of the

"About the worst drought I remember

call some mighty bad ones.

the Southwest.

From the Carthage Press.

"Here's the right I got," replied the mo-"Here's the right I got," replied the monopolist, shaking a Park Department permit in the cop's face.

The cop glanced at the permit. He then told the monopolist that the permit stated that the bearer might keep a milk wagon in the square near the Franklin statue.

"But," continued the cop, "it says nothing about keeping a horse standing there. You have to clear away from here unless you take that horse from your wagon.

So the monopolist unhitched his horse and led him around the corner.

A few minutes later a gang of men from the Street Cleaning Department came along with a gang from the Bureau of Incumbrances. Both gangs halted in front of the monopolist's wagon just as he returned after eaving his horse around the corner.

"Hey," said the street-cleaning foreman; "you got no horse in that wagon and that makes it an abandoned wagon accordin' to the city ordinances. See? Where's your horse?"

"He's gone to lunch," said the monopolist, smilling.

"Wall, you better call a messenger boy

his destination the constant jarring and jolting of his cart had completely disintegrated the tissues of this peculiar plant, and every one had decayed.

"At one time we sent a collector to procure for us a lot of Anhalonium fiscuratum which we knew could be procured in large quantity; but after four days of travel when quantity; but after four days of travel when he came upon the spot he ascertained that no rain had falien in this locality for over two years and that even the common prickly pear as well as the Living Rock had suc-cumbed to such an ordeal—six plants were the result of the trip.

In a general way it will be seen that the calling of a cactus hunter may be as full plant owing to its bulk and enormous root (this cereus grows to a height of thirty feet and more); so we organized a force of hands, with teams, derrick and paraphernalia, to secure the top. After many miles of to secure the top. After many miles of travelling and tiresome climbing our collectors arrived on the spot, when, lo! they were too late! Some one else had taken possession of the plant and left them in the lurch. A woodpecker had actually hollowed out the head and built himself a home in it, not knowing what a valuable prize he had utterly ruined, for the head had ecayed until nothing but a mere shell remained of it. We were fortunate, how-ever, to secure the flattened head of another

feet high."

One fascination of the cactus for the lazy is that it requires little care. Give it sand, plenty of sunshine, very little water, and let it alone, and it will cause no worry to its owner. In winter it can be left almost anywhere about the house with safety, serving at the same time as an ornament. Then while it may have a stolid expression and the look of nothing doing, all the time it will be keeping up some mighty hard.

Cigars Are Rights and Lefts.

From the Philadelphia Times.